

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



Copeland

A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~  
THE LIBRARY THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

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No.

8

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# Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 8

If anyone knows a crueler device for torturing animals than the steel trap by which so large a proportion of our fur-bearing animals are taken, we would like to hear from him.

If the wearing of furs in winter even is a discredit to the woman who knows of the cruelties by which the trapper plies his trade, what shall be said of her who wears them in summer, not for warmth, but for her personal adornment?

If you want to avoid the language of a saying that belongs to the stone age, and yet have a good substitute, why not say, "flying two kites with one string," instead of "killing two birds with one stone."

THE bill known in England as the Animals' Anesthetic Bill has at last become a law. By this measure the majority of operations, from time immemorial performed on farm and other animals without any anesthetic, will now, legally, be performed only when the animal is rendered unconscious of pain.

NOW that the tablet in memory of the horses, dogs and other animals whose lives were sacrificed in the great war, is soon to be erected in the State House of Massachusetts, will not some reader tell us if we are wrong in saying that this is the first time in history that the capitol building of any state or nation has given a place upon its walls to such a memorial?

THOMAS HARDY, the distinguished English writer, we are told, has testified anew to his love for animals by becoming the first honorary member of the Wesssex Saddleback Pig Society. The best part of this is that Mr. Hardy, in accepting this honor, expressed the desire that the Society would exert its influence to secure a humane killing device for these animals when slaughtered.

WELL may a writer for the *Christian Science Monitor* ask the question, "Did you ever see a statue of an automobile?" Who knows? We may yet find some public place adorned with a representation of General Pershing rushing to the battle front in a "Ford." How inspiring! The same writer, also, with Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" in mind, asks, "Did you ever read a poem about a village garage?"

## TO BE AN AMERICAN

WHAT does it mean? In attempting briefly to answer this question we trust it will be remembered that this is a humane journal. That since the day of its first publication it has stood not only for the just treatment of animals but for the just and humane treatment of one's fellow men. It has never consciously meddled with politics. It has struck hard at such evils as race prejudice, contempt for men of other lands, and that narrow nationalism that loves to parade under the stars and stripes defaced with the inscription "My Country, Right or Wrong!" It has believed that there is something greater in this world than America, or England—greater than ever was Rome or Greece in the days of their utmost splendor. "Above all Nations is Humanity." This has been the conviction behind all the American Humane Education Society has done to reach the children not only of this country but of every other country where a door could be opened for it to enter. Its paper, this magazine, has not been given to the use of pious phrases. It has sided with no particular creed. It has tried to say nothing that it did not believe and mean; but it has never been ashamed to confess its faith in the ancient utterance that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," and that "He is no respecter of persons."

Believing at least this much of the Christian creed, America has seemed to us greatest when she has been most the servant of humanity, and least when she would be its isolated fragment of selfish aggrandizement and pride. The law of human brotherliness holds for nations as well as for neighbors. The man who can eat and sleep in peace while his neighbors are being crushed beneath some load that he could help them bear is assured whether he knows it or not. So also is that nation that puts its own prosperity, its own selfish interests first, and says to the rest of earth's teeming millions, organized into nations, "Go your way down to death through hunger and want and pestilence and war, for all of me!" The nation that does this is itself on the way to death, no matter what statistics say about its armies and navies, its exports and imports, and the bills receivable due it from its less fortunate neighbors.

To be an American, then, so far as it is given us to understand it, is to be one who, loving his country as the one nation most dear to him,

and for whose true honor and defense he would gladly die if need were, most longs to see her, and most strives to see her, the great, generous, unselfish friend and helper of the suffering and distressed, let them speak what tongue or own allegiance to what flag they may. This is the highest type of American citizenship we can conceive. This is what we would say stands for 100 per cent Americanism. Anything less than this may do for politics and politicians, but not for those to whom politics and politicians are but as the small dust in the balance.

## THE HORSE AND THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

PEOPLE frequently ask us if we have any horses left to look after. The impression seems to exist that the automobile has eliminated the horse. The pleasure driving, or the family horse, has largely vanished. This is because so many have abandoned him for the automobile and also because the highways have become unsafe for him. On the modern automobile road he can find no footing, and in addition the multitude of swift-moving cars render pleasure driving with a horse too perilous a pastime.

But there are still in the cities, towns, and country districts of Massachusetts scores of thousands of horses who need the Society's watchful care. There are still too many men who will work their horses till the last ounce of vitality is exhausted; who will set them to their tasks with galled shoulders, sore backs, and work them when lame and crippled. As we write there are twenty horses in our Hospital, quite the average of the past five years.

But the host of other animals throughout the State does not decrease, and the complaints that must be investigated and the bad conditions that must be remedied, seem to have no end. The keener the public conscience grows, and the more sensitive the public mind to the ill treatment of animals, the greater the demands upon us.

TO prevent the slaughter of wild birds for the milliner, a bill has been introduced into the British Parliament to prohibit the importation of birds' skins and feathers. This bill, introduced five years ago, passed its second reading by a vote of 297 to 15. Let us hope it will not fail of enactment this time.

Contributions for Horses' Christmas Tree will be gratefully acknowledged

## THE JACK LONDON CLUB MEMBERSHIP 80,400

INCREASE SINCE LAST ISSUE 9,080. ANOTHER LETTER FROM MRS. LONDON

A NEW edition of "Michael Brother of Jerry," the book which gave us the idea of the Jack London Club, has recently been published, and we are pleased to announce that we can now supply copies, in good binding, for only ninety cents, *postpaid*, to any address. A copy of the "Foreword" will be sent free to any asking for it.

If you never happened to see this magazine before, probably you are wondering what the Jack London Club is. It's a society with no officers and no dues. It was started, primarily, because of Jack London's disclosures of the cruelties behind the trick animal performances in our theaters and other places. He was no sentimentalist. He never cried "wolf" when there was no "wolf" or asked you to weep when there was no cause for tears. But he says that in the trained animal performance cruelty has blossomed into its perfect flower.

To join this Club all you have to do is to agree to do the one thing that London says will finally banish these performances from the stage, *viz.*: get up and go out of the theater during that part of the program. Will you do it? If so, please send us your name.

### READ JACK LONDON'S "MICHAEL BROTHER OF JERRY"

A COPY OF THE BOOK FREE AS A PRIZE FOR THREE ONE-DOLLAR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO *Our Dumb Animals*, ALSO FOR ONE HUNDRED NEW NAMES TO THE CLUB. Thirty-two copies of the book have already been given as prizes; several of these to schools.

Note: Though membership in this Club costs nothing, the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has spent hundreds of dollars in carrying on the movement against trained-animal performances. We doubt if six people have ever contributed toward the expense. Any gifts, however small, will be acceptable.

#### Mrs. London's Letter:

In sending us a photograph of "Brown Wolf," which appears on the opposite page, Mrs. London writes:

#### Dear Dr. Rowley:

This is a picture of the Alaskan Husky, a real, bona-fide wolf-dog, a seasoned old sled-toiler from the Frozen North, who was given to Jack London after the death of his master in Oakland, California. He is not very pretty in this presentation, despite his indubitably happy smile, because his woolly hide has been shorn — a kindness of Jack London to his good comrade in the hot summer weather. I thought you might like to publish "Brown Wolf's" picture in *Our Dumb Animals*, for the pleasure of your growing list of Jack London Club members.

With best wishes, and congratulations upon the growth of the Club,

Very sincerely yours,  
CHARMIAN LONDON

P. S. In Jack London's volume "LOVE OF LIFE," is a story entitled "Brown Wolf," the big motif suggested by a discussion Jack London and I held one day, as to what the Wolf would do if his lost master, who preceded Jack, should not be dead, but should return.

#### A Letter from Miss Lotta Crabtree:

Miss Crabtree, so widely known as a loyal friend of animals, says, in a recent letter:



Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

#### NOTICE HOW THIS POOR SLAVE IS BOUND BY STRAP AND RING

Dear Sir:

I notice an article in the November, 1919, issue of *Our Dumb Animals* and I am sending you my name as I wish to enroll as a member. I am delighted to know that there is such a Club as "The Jack London Club," but it seems to me that unless we complain of the act at the box office or to the management upon going out, the full amount of good is not accomplished. What is your idea about this?

Yours very truly  
Lotta M. Crabtree

The suggestion of Miss Crabtree's we heartily endorse. We trust every member of the Club leaving a theater because of an animal performance will take the trouble to let the management know the reason.

Another excellent suggestion is that all members of the Club, before purchasing tickets to any theater where performing animals are ever exhibited, ask if any such features are on

the program, refusing to purchase tickets if the answer is in the affirmative.

#### How the Club Grows:

The Toronto, Canada, Humane Society, through its Manager, Mr. Eric Osmond, has written us since the last issue asking for literature and information helpful in organizing a Canadian Jack London Club.

#### From Stockholm, Sweden:

On the back cover of the *Djurens Rätt*, organ of the Swedish Society, appears a half page advertisement asking for members of the Jack London Club and giving the addresses of those to whom names may be sent.

#### The Way It's Done:

The following is the barbarous method approved of by our hero to entrap the wild, roving creatures of the wood. A sheep, a donkey, or a horse past usefulness to him he stakes over the pitfall made expressly to await his hungry, unsuspecting prey. Rushing to seize the living bait, whose piteous cries have summoned him from afar, the devourer is enmeshed — doomed to a far crueler fate than he had hurried thither to inflict upon his terrified, helpless victim. The frenzied lion or tiger is boxed, travels hundreds of miles to the sea, experiences undreamed-of misery on the interminable voyage, and he is consigned to a long-drawn-out menagerie experience — cowed, beaten, starved into unnatural submission by measures bolder in cruelty than his uncurbed nature is strong in ferocity.

#### A Fair Answer As All Dog Lovers Know:

An argument often advanced to "prove" that all is done by kindness is that the dogs wag their tails, lick their masters' hands, and betray other symptoms of affection. All who have owned dogs, however, know that a dog is one of the most forgetful — or is it forgiving? — of animals, so that though you strike it at one moment, yet a minute later it will be as affectionate as before — that is, if the dog is yours and you feed and attend to it. And so it is with these performing dogs.

—*Animals' Guardian*

#### Why so Few Convictions:

"Considering all the facts it is not wonderful that there are so few convictions for ill-treating these performing animals. Most of the trainers either take a stable in a town, or get a barn in some country place, and carry out the training without interference. If a police officer came upon the scene, the training would at once stop, and if the officer were suspicious the trainer would go somewhere else to finish his work. Many of the smaller animals, such as dogs and monkeys, can be trained in private houses, and it is very difficult to catch the men at their work."

#### THE NEW YEAR DAWNS

THE New Year dawns — the sun shines strong and clear;

*And all the world rejoices and is gay:*

*The city-loving birds from spray to spray*

*Flit busily and twitter in my ear*

*Their little frozen note of wintry cheer:*

*From ruddy children with the snow at play*

*Ring peals of laughter, gladder than in May,*

*While friend greets friend with "Happy be thy*

*Year!"*

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

## THINK OF IT WHEN YOU GO TO THE ZOO

THE steamer "City of Manila" arrived in Boston November 17 from Calcutta — a 36-days' journey — with 2000 birds, 500 monkeys, four bears, four leopards, three black panthers, and two elephants. During the voyage 300 birds, 60 monkeys, and three leopards died. These are the facts as given one of our agents who met the boat when it docked.

These poor creatures have been brought to this country to be sold to zoos and parks — and the monkeys — Heaven knows what sad fate awaits them! What moral right have we to capture, subject to such a voyage as this these unhappy animals, and then doom them to captivity for the rest of their lives? Let no one say they get better care and food in captivity than they would if left to roam the forest, and so have an easier lot. Better freedom with hunger and the need of eternal vigilance from one's foes, than the dreary existence of food and safety with ball and chain.

## GRIEF OF CAPTURED ANIMALS

L. E. EUBANKS

MANY captured animals die of grief. It is commonly supposed that the cause is failure of health from confinement, and unquestionably this is the main cause, but often the trouble is more "mental" than physical — grief for the old home and companions of his own kind. Apes particularly pine and grow ill when alone. Nothing the keeper can do to keep them robust will avail, in some cases. As soon as he finds that escape is hopeless, and that he is going to have to live alone, the ape huddles himself up in a corner, eats less and less, finally refusing food altogether, and slowly dies. All the man-like apes are that way, more or less; they must have company to live. Trainers say that when a captive chimpanzee is given a companion he goes almost wild, screaming and scampering around the cage in delight.

FIVE of the New England States have a law which requires trappers to visit their traps at least once in 24 hours. Connecticut alone makes the requirement once in 48 hours.

## THE "EDUCATIVE" ZOO

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

*WHAT do they learn, the children,  
In front of the grim-barred cages,  
Where the drowsy lion sulks,  
Or the quivering tiger rages?  
In the elephants' spacious house,  
Where the tethered beasts stand swaying,  
Taught by an iron bar  
The beauty of obeying?  
Or where a sluggish pool  
The polar king allure;  
Or where, in the grizzly's pit,  
The woods' lord mopes, and endures?  
Or at the monkeys' cage,  
Where the wee beasts "act" before them,  
Through the brief span they may live  
Afar from the land that bore them?*

*Wherever a helpless life  
Is barred from the joys God gave it,  
By human hardness or greed  
That sought it to enslave it,  
How can the children learn  
Aught that shall raise them higher,  
Aught that shall bring them nearer  
To the great Undying Fire  
That warms the heart of the world,  
That gave its need of gladness  
To each created thing?  
Is it well to learn from their sadness?  
Father of Infinite Love,  
Creator of all Being,  
Lord God of the Wordless Ones,  
Teach us to speak for their freeing!*

WHEN a child's conduct shows that he is acquiring the principles of kindness, decency, regularity, a regard for the rights and interests of others and the other qualities that are the very foundation of democracy, you need have no fear about his classroom studies. They will follow logically and naturally. The thing of most importance is the development of moral fiber, a willingness for each to do his share and a determination to do the task before him thoroughly and conscientiously.

GOVERNOR BRUMBAUGH



"BROWN WOLF," JACK LONDON'S DOG

THIS is the dog, Mrs. London once told us, who had so frequently returned to the place where his former owner had lived, and after whom Jack London had gone so many times to bring him back, that London one day, taking "Brown Wolf's" head between his hands, said to him, "Brown Wolf, you may be a one man's dog. Perhaps no other master but the dead one can ever win your heart. Be it so. I'll never blame you for your devotion, but if you ever leave me again, I shall never follow you to bring you back." What passed from the soul of the man into the soul of the dog during those brief moments when they looked deeply each into the other's eyes, no one will ever know, but Brown Wolf never left Jack London again.

CÆSAR saw horses in England a couple of thousand years ago.

GIRARD

JAPANESE propaganda tells of a Japanese farmer who always, at the end of the day's work, carried his horse's harness from the field to the stable for him, and having fed him and bedded him down, thanked him for having worked so hard and wished him good night. We all ought to be willing to think well of the Japanese.

— Boston Globe

## SUNDOWN AT THE SINK

FELIX J. KOCH

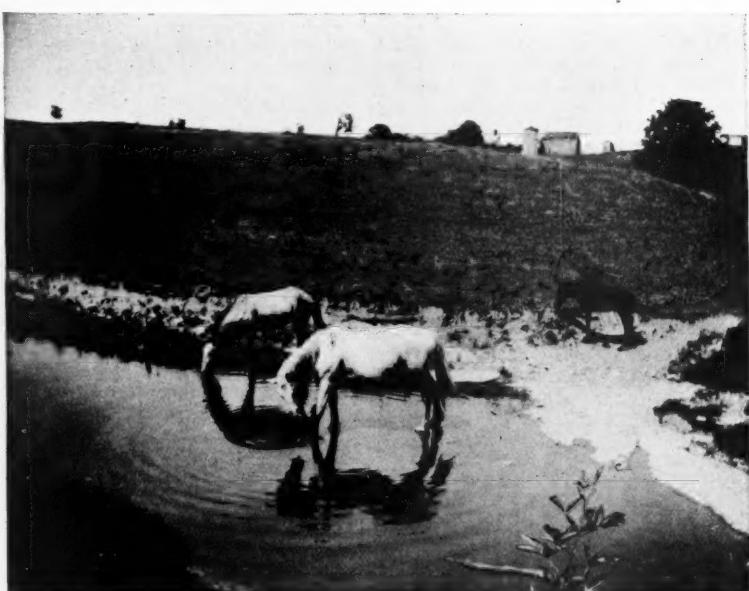
OVER the rest of the great American republic we should call them ponds, or pools, always; but down in the blue grass belt of Kentucky they are "sinks," ever and always.

Once on a time the sink was a low depression in the earth formed by the gentle roll of some prehistoric action. Then the waters came and filled the sink, and, by and by, they found for themselves an outlet. So the water in the sink stays pure and clear and sweet, always entering fresh; always trickling off; but going to form a wee lake, so very, very clear and still that it serves as a mirror for all objects beside it.

The sink, then, is the good friend, *par excellence*, of the stock-grower of this part of Kentucky.

Horses — the famous Kentucky thoroughbreds — particularly enjoy trotting down to the sink at sundown; sipping of the waters, rather than drinking deep, and then resting, — almost as if to imitate their master, man, when he throws himself into the sands to rest beside some larger lake.

The picture is of such a typical sight among the sinks in the neighborhood of Union, Kentucky.



KENTUCKY THOROUGHBREDS ENJOYING THEMSELVES AT A "SINK"

**SUGGESTED PLACARD FOR AUTOIST  
WITH DEAD DEER ON RUNNING  
BOARD**

BILL SLOCUM

(The laws of New York State permit the killing of does)

Behold, I am the Cruel and Callous Huntsman.  
Let the World Gaze, for I have Shot a Doe.  
I am Proud of my Prowess. Behold, I have followed a Paid Guide to the Lair of the Innocent One.

I could just as well hide the evidence but the world would be Deprived of Knowledge of My Accomplishments.

So I Strap the Battered Remains to the Running Board and trail it the length of the State like a Roman Conqueror.

I was not Injured.

Indeed I took no chances, suffered no Hardships for

Behold my Good Partner, the State of New York, paved the way, even to the Great North Woods, so that I might Ride in Comfort to the Scene of Slaughter.

I employed neither Wit nor Guile, for my Trusty Guide had been in the Woods all Summer, offering False Friendship to the Doe and knew her Habits and Hiding Places.

I only had to Shoot Where he Pointed.

It was Glorious.

The Creature was not Killed but Died a Lingered Death from Bloodshed and Exhaustion, and my Good Guide Showed me how to Track her by the Blood.

He even carried her to the Car on his Broad Shoulders.

I am a Brave Huntsman, and my Partner, the State of New York, is a brave Ally. Between us we have brought the Doe from her Native Lair to a Dead Thing Trussed by the Legs to my Running Board.

I was not Alone. There were Thirty-seven Thousand of us, brought together over State-built Roads to Track Down and Kill Ten Thousand Deer, many of them of the Female Species.

The Rocks, the Crags, the Blue Sky, the Running Brooks are all for us. Man is King and Buckshot is the Pass Word. Behold our Prowess. I am Proud and Happy for I have Killed an Animal without Danger to Myself. Great is the Deerslayer and Great is the State of New York. My Right to Live is Emphasized by my Right to Destroy. Behold Me, I am Man the Killer.

DO you know whether there is a Humane Education law in your state, and, if so, whether it is enforced?



Courtesy of *The Cattlemen*

PROTECTED DEER ON A TEXAS RANCH

**LADY IN FURS**

HENRY FLURY

YOU look fine in your furs, my lady;  
If you only knew what they cost,  
You'd value them greatly.  
They fit snug next to your smooth, warm, white  
skin —  
I'll tell you their cost:  
All night long, freezing in the snow,  
With my right paw in a cruel trap,  
Pang after pang racking my frame,  
Mangled, I wailed the dawn and the trapper  
To end my pain with a bullet  
And take my beautiful coat to you.

I, RED FOX, was out hunting for food  
As any good father should,  
Trying to find a nice, fat partridge  
For my six little red foxes —  
The cutest babies you ever saw —  
You say you love babies, I wish you'd seen mine.  
But you envied my hide, so now  
They will starve.

The dawn came, but with it the storm  
And snow, snow, snow.  
The trapper came not.  
For three days I lingered,  
Then died.  
My lady, you may wear my hide  
And display it with pride  
As you think of the six baby foxes  
You killed.

**ON HUNTING**

THIS is what John Ericsson, the great Swedish inventor, wrote to his nephew, who boasted of his skill as a hunter: — "Allow me to say that hunting as a pastime is inconsistent with a high degree of cultivation, in spite of the fact that so many royal persons love it. The hunter generally wounds his victim and leaves it to die in great pain. That a thinking human person can find pleasure in such a pastime is incredible. Gymnastics strengthen and develop the body much more than hunting and take less time."

BELGIUM is in need of cats. During the war both cats and mice were scarce. They nearly all died of hunger. Now that food is more plentiful the mice have reappeared in thousands. Unhappily the same cannot be said of cats. The result is that a dollar, it is said, is being paid for a mere atom of a kitten.

**BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK**

WE are glad to be able to announce so early in the year the dates of the national observance of BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK and HUMANE SUNDAY, the former having been set for the week of April 12, 1920, ending with HUMANE SUNDAY on April 18. This will be the sixth annual celebration of these important events, and successful as have been the observances of former years, it is expected that that of 1920 will surpass them all. Societies can have no excuse this season for not making their plans in good time, and with the world at peace and humane work generally prospering everywhere there should be a grand effort to bring the gospel of kindness to every living creature home to every inhabitant of the country during the week of April 12, 1920.

Suggestive literature is being prepared, and helps for the celebration of the Week in schools and elsewhere, and for ministers and others who will participate in special services on Humane Sunday, may be obtained both from the American Humane Association, 287 State Street, Albany, N. Y., and the office of *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass. Societies and individuals should begin now to prepare plans for a great campaign during the coming BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK.

**AN ABIDING INFLUENCE**

FROM a teacher in a rural district in Maine, we have received this letter: —

"When I was a young boy, at the age of ten, I became a Band of Mercy member in a local school league. I am now a principal in a village grammar school of one hundred and sixty pupils to whom I am honestly endeavoring to bring the meaning of 'kindness to every living creature.'

"Kindly send me literature and suggestion for work with them, as a village unit."

We were very glad, of course, to send this young man, who had remembered so well his Band of Mercy pledge, the literature and suggestions requested.

AT a large show held by the Pacific International Live Stock Association in Portland, Oregon, during the third week of November, a large amount of humane literature was distributed by the Oregon Humane Society, which maintained a booth of this purpose.

**SHOCKING CASE IN MONTREAL**

UNDER the title, "A Disgrace to Civilization," our Canadian correspondent writes a very realistic account of one of the worst cases of cruelty to animals of which we have ever heard on this side of the Atlantic.

It seems that just outside the city of Montreal, a man maintained a farm where he kept old, decrepit, worn-out horses for the purpose of disposing of their hides, bones, hoofs, and even the flesh which was shipped to fox farms.

The details of the condition of the 250 horses that were huddled together in various places on this farm are too distressing for us to present to the readers of *Our Dumb Animals*. To think that such a traffic should be allowed to be conducted almost within the city limits of the metropolis of a great country seems beyond belief. We are glad to state that the matter came to the attention of the S. P. C. A. in Montreal and was promptly dealt with.

This case is but an illustration of the everlasting vigilance that is needed on the part of every society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, even in the most civilized communities.

## "TACKS"

ETHELYN BRYANT CHAPMAN

DOWN from the icy barrens of Canada the howling blizzard had torn its way into the steel-walled canons of the great city, where the air was being woven rapidly into a swirling, smothering white blanket. Since the closing of the big offices and department stores at three o'clock the sound of transportation had come at longer and longer intervals, until now at eight the city was helpless and silent.

Peg Murphy with nine unsold papers, his block deserted, and "Bully" Moretti waiting "returns" in the warmth of the Italian café, shivered in body and soul, huddled in the deep recess of a north doorway. It was pay day and the "Bully" would hold over on him for a whole week.

Peg was very cold and very hungry, and therefore his stub was hurting him cruelly where the straps held the wooden stick on his left side. Also he had been very lonely all the time since his mother had gone on her last journey, for which the county had paid.

Something soft snuggled against his good leg, there came a long whine ending in a yelp of pain, and the boy looked down to see a small paw held up, while "Help" cried from the soft eyes of a dog whose every Irish hair spelled "Rough on Rats."

As Peg gently lifted the terrier to examine the injury, an electric coupé came to a stop at the curb, and a man stepped from it into the lights of the movie theater. A touch of the mystic was in the dark face above the high fur collar, as he turned and said, smilingly, "So that's why my car has stalled right here. A boy and a dog both in trouble on such a night as this? Get in the machine and let's see about it." Switching on the reading light he gently stroked the wiry haired spine, and softly held the paw until the trembling ceased, and then with a swift certainty of touch withdrew from it a large tack bedded to its head in the fleshy pad. Into the boy's mind flashed a picture from the days following the one when he had slipped in the icy slush and gone out into a great darkness as a loaded giant truck pinned him down.

After years of seemingly being whirled on a great wheel, the darkness had lightened and he had opened his eyes to see a beautiful angel smiling down at him, and to hear her say, "He's coming out quite all right, Doctor," and to feel a funny lop-sided sensation where his left leg used to be. Convalescing in a wheel chair, while discipline winked or deliberately closed an eye to a favorite son, he had explored the great building and so one day he saw the Picture which remained: the Great Vision.

"Gee," thought Peg, as the little terrier gratefully licked the man's hand, "his eyes look jus' like Jesus' with the lamb, in the 'ospital window."

"Now drop your papers and beat it for home with your dog," the man was saying, "and if every thing is not all right with either of you at any time, look me up. Boys and dogs happen to be long suits with me," and a card and a dollar bill were pressed into the lad's hand.

With the correct change from the restaurant Peg fought his way to Moretti. Big "Bully" swore at the delay, and more at having to settle for the week, and then, his eyes alight with pure malice, cried, "Where you getta da pup? I shaka hees han," and his own closed with an iron grip on the inflamed foot.

(Continued on page 128)

## Rufus, Dog Hero of the Desert



READY FOR THE DESERT



AT HOME IN PASADENA

SURROUNDED with every comfort possible and now sixteen years old, "Rufus," known as the "hero of the desert" who, with his partner, Lou Wescott Beck, made the sun-scorched, trackless wastes of the great Southwest safer for travelers, is passing his old age in a dog sanitarium at Pasadena.

The end of his days on earth is not far off. He is spent and feeble after his many long and weary journeys over the burning and blinding sands with his pioneer master. He will no doubt soon fall asleep. Even now he day-dreams probably of that long, long desert trail, or the glad time he will have when he can rejoin his companion of bygone days.

Lou Wescott Beck and Rufus were intrepid pioneers in a life-saving project which received scanty support and tardy recognition. Together they fared forth on their mission of mercy, the former carrying sign-boards and cans of paint, the latter laden with saddle bags of restoratives and poison antidotes. While Beck set up the guide-posts or painted the water signs Rufus detoured widely and succored many a prospector who but for him would have died miserably from the delirium of thirst or the venom of snake bites.

The work of these two great benefactors is

## Dogs in Red

IN its task of relieving suffering throughout the world, the Red Cross has had frequent occasion to rely on the sagacity and loyalty of dogs. In the mountainous regions of Bohemia, dogs are used to transport goods, being harnessed to small carts like the *chiens de trait* of Belgium. In carrying the food and clothing and medicines into those almost inaccessible mountain villages where the suffering was so intense, the Red Cross workers made frequent use of these carts.

In America, too, dogs are used. Last winter, when the epidemic of influenza was at its height, word came to the Red Cross Chapter at Anchorage, Alaska, that an entire village of Indians was down with the flu. But the village was fifty miles from a railroad. To reach it, the party of seven Red Cross workers who went to the rescue were obliged, after leaving the railroad, to cover these fifty miles by dog team. When they arrived, the situation was very serious. Of a hundred Indians, fifty were sick and nineteen were dead. The relief party set to work, established a hospital, fed and cared for the sufferers.

over. Beck died in July, 1917, and since then the United States Government has appropriated \$100,000 to carry out the project that he and his devoted dog started.

Rufus will be well provided for by Dr. T. H. Agnew, a veterinarian and personal friend of Beck. His years of hardship, of life-saving service on the desolate wastes under heavy saddle-bags, plodding along continuously in his leather boots, are not without their reward. His many friends who used to see him on the streets and pat him with approval as he started out on his desert trips will not forget him in his old age. A good friend of Rufus, writing in the *Pasadena Evening Post*, closes her tribute of praise to this noble, self-sacrificing dog with these words:

"I shall always think of him with the background of the desert, and all about him limitless space. I shall think of the dawn with its wonderful orange and flame, and desert blues, when the morning stars are singing, the moon has sunk out of sight, and Arcturus is blazing. Through it all, I shall hear that musical baying of Rufus, as if he called to the distant mountains to send forth their streams of living water, and I shall remember the intrepid dog soul that never faltered, the life saver, Rufus of the desert."

## Cross Relief

Only five more lives were lost — thanks to the dogs.

Recently, Captain Howard Armstrong, of Buffalo, was in charge of a trainload of Red Cross supplies bound to relieve the serious condition of the hospitals in Budapest. One night, while in the yards at Zurich, in Switzerland, Captain Armstrong was patrolling the Red Cross train. A Swiss police dog was performing the same duty for the government. In the darkness it was impossible to distinguish the American uniform, and the guard in charge of the dog, seeing a shadowy figure near the train, ordered his dog into action. Captain Armstrong was attacked, and after a sharp scuffle, during which he was bitten several times, managed to get his raincoat over the dog's head and shouted to the guard to call him off. This was an instance where the Red Cross did not profit by the dog's loyalty, but it was not the animal's fault. It seldom is. He simply obeyed orders; the mistake was his master's.

W. R. B.

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at the Plimpton Press, Lenox Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JANUARY, 1920

FOR TERMS see back cover.  
AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, and prefer verse not in excess of thirty-six lines, preferably shorter. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

### THE MEMORIAL TABLET

OUR readers will be pleased to know that the design for the tablet to be erected in the State House, Boston, has been accepted by the State House Commission, and its place determined. In our judgment it has been given an almost ideal location. Few can enter the building without seeing it. Its dimensions are 60 by 40 inches. It will be delivered in about two months, when it will be unveiled with fitting exercises.

### DISGRACEFUL ADVERTISING

THAT so many papers, especially farm journals and boys' magazines, should advertise the steel trap, one of the cruellest devices ever invented, as offering to boys the delight and sport and financial profit of trapping, is nothing less than a disgrace, when one knows it is done for the money there is in it, no consideration being had for the influence of this soul-hardening business upon the boy's character. Word comes from a small Massachusetts town that more than \$100 worth of skins were sold here this week. The trapping craze has become so strong here that one small boy carried off the family cat and secured 25 cents for her hide.

### THE SEATTLE ROUND-UP AGAIN

THE following letter from Mr. McWhorter, the humane officer forced from the grounds by the local police of Seattle at the time of the disgraceful exhibition described in our last issue, is of interest:—

Yakima, Wash., November 3, 1919  
My Dear Dr. Rowley:—

Your esteemed favor with copy received this day and I hasten to reply.

I beg to call your attention to the third paragraph in your copy regarding the *Rodeo* at Seattle. The letter from Gov. Hart from which you there quote is not the one read to me by Mr. Davis on the Rodeo grounds, but one he wrote me later and in reply to one I had addressed him by registered mail after returning home. This last letter from the Governor does not correspond with that read to me. It is a contradiction of the language used in his former communication in which I was ordered to desist from interfering with the show. Suit is being instituted against those parties interfering with me in my attempt to stop certain features of the performance and Gov. Hart will be summoned to tell about the letter in question.

### THE BLUE CROSS SOCIETY OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THIS novel and flourishing Society should be far more widely known than it is. Organized and officered by a small group of influential Springfield women, it has rendered a service in that city of great value to the horse, and its methods are such that they may be easily followed in any community where there are horse lovers. The idea is simple, practicable, and direct in its operation. It has what it calls its Blue Cross Honor Roll for Horses and Mules. This is a system of relief for these animals through the decoration of those well cared for with medals to be worn permanently on the harness. Required conditions are made broad and elastic. Age and physical formation do not count. An animal may be old and thin, yet if given plenty of food, a good bed wide enough for him to lie down in, and kind treatment, he gets the medal. Such public distinction appeals to both owners and drivers, and creates popular interest. The system may be handled easily and without a paid agent.



The medal is a handsome blue cross set in a rosette about two inches in diameter which is so made as to be readily fitted to the bridle of the horse. This at once becomes a badge of honor for the driver of the horse and the owner as well. The names of those drivers or owners whose horses are on the Honor Roll are published in the local papers and in this way it becomes also an advertisement for those winning this distinction. With all this goes a close co-operation with the agent of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., and such inspection of the horses as keeps interest in the organization from lagging. Why should not this sort of work be carried on in scores of cities?

For the benefit of those desiring to establish it in other places, a syllabus of organization will be sent on application to the president, Miss

Maud G. Phillips, Round Hill, Springfield, Mass., based on the experience of the Blue Cross Society. It should be said that this society is interested in all animal welfare work.

The picture represents the president, Miss Phillips, decorating a horse with a Blue Cross medal.

### THE FREE DISPENSARY

THIS department of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital will treat this year nearly 5000 animals brought to it by those who avail themselves of this service. The cost of this to the Hospital is approximately \$600 a month. But for those who pay for the service rendered and for those who contribute to the Hospital this could not be done. The policy of the Hospital is that those who are able to make proper compensation should do so. In this respect it does not differ from human hospitals. Like the human hospitals it is subject to being imposed upon by all sorts of dishonest people. Both at the Children's Hospital, near by, and at our own, people sometimes stop on a side street with their automobiles and carry in their sick in their arms as if they had just arrived by street car.

### NO ARMISTICE IN SIGHT IN THIS WAR

A FRIEND writes: Man has turned the animal world into a regular battlefield. The human race is still passing through the age of destruction. A million animals (so estimated) killed daily for food; a million sacrificed annually for experimental purposes; nature's loveliest song gift slaughtered for millinery purposes by the million; thousands slain in cowardly sport; the fur-bearing animals in multitudes so great that no one can number them.

### WHAT HAPPENED IN ROME

L EONARD HAWKSLEY, Hon. Director of the Rome Society for the Protection of Animals, writes to the London *Animals' Defender*:—

Last March the Rome Society for the Protection of Animals was requested to send for and destroy a dog which had recently bitten other dogs. This was done, and I destroyed the dog myself. The owner of one of the dogs that had been bitten then sent its head to the Antirabic Institute of the University of Rome, which is maintained out of municipal taxes. Subsequently he received a certificate that the dead animal had most certainly been infected by hydrophobia. As I had my doubts on the subject, I sent to that Institute (but not in the name of our Society) the head of another dog which I had destroyed, and which had presented no symptoms of rabies, being gentle in manner, with no disposition to bark or bite, and with a smooth, glossy coat and healthy tongue. Eight days later I received a printed certificate that the tests had proved it to have been suffering from hydrophobia. These scientific people did not know that hydrophobia does not exist in the dog. (The disease in the dog is rabies.) No animal could present fewer symptoms of rabies than the one whose head they had examined. This terrifying certificate ended by acknowledging the receipt of the fee of twenty-five francs, which had to be paid for the experiment.

IT'S easy enough to be humane when it doesn't interfere with our pleasure, our pride, or our appetite.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

**DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President**  
**HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor**  
**EBEN SHUTE, Treasurer**  
**GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary**

#### Trustees of Permanent Funds

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#### Prosecuting Officers in Boston

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance) Brookline 6100

**L. WILLARD WALKER, Chief Officer**

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<b>THEODORE W. PEARSON</b>	<b>AMBROSE F. NOWLIN</b>
<b>WILLIAM ENOS</b>	

#### MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated.....	659
Animals examined.....	4,288
Number of prosecutions.....	16
Number of convictions.....	15
Horses taken from work.....	116
Horses humanely destroyed.....	124
Small animals humanely destroyed.....	248
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals examined.....	18,643
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed.....	80

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$200 from Elmer P. Morse of Dedham, and \$25 (in part) from the Estate of Emily S. Neal of Boston.

It has received gifts of \$100 each from Miss M. L. R., C. H. G. Co., H. A., and H. O. U.; \$50 each from Miss C. A. F. and Mrs. W. H. F.; \$40 from Mrs. D. G.; \$35 from Mrs. E. R. T. for endowment of free dog kennel; \$30 each from Mrs. J. L. G., Sr., and Mrs. S. F. S.; \$25 each from Mrs. S. A., Mrs. M. A. T., Mrs. E. H. A., Miss E. B., T. A. F., Mrs. E. H., Miss A. P. J., Miss A. F. H., Mrs. J. F. H., R. J., E. L. E., Miss E. F. M. and Miss E. S. P.; \$20 each from S. K. A., H. D., F. R. P., E. K. H., Mrs. J. B. A., Mrs. D. W. E., Miss H. R. H., B. F. S., Miss C. B. W., F. P., J. H. S. and Miss C. D.; \$15 each from I. H. E., E. A. N., M. H. C., Mrs. S. B. G., Mrs. C. W. K., A. S. P., Jr., T. K. L., Jr., and Miss Y. S.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Lydia F. Knowles of Boston, and Lillian M. Underwood of Newton.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$38.64 from the Bombay Humanitarian League, \$36.07 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature, and \$370.25, interest.

December 9, 1919.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital	
184 Longwood Avenue	Telephone, Brookline 6100
F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., v.s.,	Chief Veterinarian
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D.	Resident Assistants
Wm. M. EVANS, D.V.S.	
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.	
HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent	
FREE Dispensary for Animals	
Treatment for sick or injured animals	
Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.	

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR NOVEMBER

Hospital	Free Dispensary		
Cases entered	318	Cases	353
Dogs	218	Dogs	236
Cats	59	Cats	100
Horses	37	Horses	4
Sheep	2	Birds	6
Bird	1	Belgian hares	3
Monkey	1	Rabbits	2
Operations	179	Cow	1
		Mouse	1
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915, 16,242			
Free Dispensary cases			18,621
Total			34,863

#### VOUCHED FOR

A BROOKLINE policeman vouches for the following:—

A mother duck, having hatched out a brood of eleven little ones in a pond about three-quarters of a mile from the Fenway waters, decided she and her family would be better off if they moved to apartments in the latter section. Whether it was because the landlord had raised the rent, or because she preferred to have her residence in the Back Bay, no one knows. However she started one morning recently for the Fenway. This meant passing through Carleton Street as the shortest and easiest route. It meant also turning several corners and crossing Beacon Street crowded with traffic. The start was made, the mother heading the procession and the eleven children trailing in good order behind. Down Carleton they came, apparently without the slightest trepidation. As they near Beacon the officer sees them. Up goes his hand in signal to halt — to halt not the procession of honest little quacks, but the procession of automobiles. Traffic for the moment blocks the wide boulevard while the gentle mother and her brood waddle slowly across the highway and on down Carleton Street toward the new home.

Now comes the part of the story which one may believe or not as he chooses. The track of the New York & New Haven had to be crossed. The rail proved too high for the children to surmount. The mother, after watching their futile efforts, at least this is what an eye-witness says, but we won't vouch for it, lay down by the rail, put her neck over it and so pulling a little and kicking vigorously rolled over it. This she did several times in front of her family until they "caught on." Then, after the same fashion, over they all went, and so on to the new home. May they live long and prosper!

Remember the Be Kind to Animals campaign and endeavor to further it.



#### A SAFE AND COMFORTABLE CRATE

INFORMATION about the transportation of dogs is wanted by persons who wish to send them long distances. A specially constructed crate or portable kennel is essential if the dog is to travel in comfort and without considerate liability to injury.

The illustration above represents the type of crate used by the Angell Animal Hospital. Dogs have been shipped by express to points more than 2000 miles away in perfect safety. The pitched roof economizes space and prevents other express from being piled upon the house. Cedar excelsior provides a clean and dry bed. Water can be supplied through an aperture to a tin pail fastened to the side. A package of cooked food is tied to the crate, and a "Please Feed and Water Me" card will not fail to be heeded by some kind-hearted, dog-loving express agent.

#### HEROIC RESCUE OF KITTEN

THE cry of a small kitten, which had been caught in a catch basin in Chelsea, Mass., attracted the attention of Charles Pasnier, a former resident of that city, who was on his way home to the adjoining city of Everett. Pasnier put on a pair of rubber boots, provided by a patrolman, and went down into the muck of the catch basin and rescued the kitten. He then cleaned the animal off with newspapers, took it home and adopted it.

#### PROTECTING THE HORSES

THE Farrier-Sergeant was peeved at the lack of sense shown one of the men of whom he had to make a shoeing smith. The latter was blundering about the horse lines one day when the Farrier-Sergeant yelled:

"I told you never to approach horses from the rear without speaking to them. First thing you know they'll kick you in the head, and we'll have a bunch of lame horses on our hands."

#### TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate titles of our two Societies are "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" and "The American Humane Education Society"; and that they have no connection with any other Societies of similar character.

#### FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to The American Humane Education Society) incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of ..... dollars (or if other property describe the property).



## American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

### Officers of the American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor  
EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

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Mrs. May L. Hall, Secretary

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Mrs. Jeannette Ryder	Cuba
Mrs. Florence H. Suckling	England
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Mrs. Francisco Patzot	Porto Rico
W. Clint	Quebec
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey
Jerome Perinet, Introduceur des Bands of Mercy en Europe	Switzerland

### Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina  
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California  
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California  
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington  
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee  
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia  
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas  
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina  
John Burke, Cincinnati, Ohio

### OUR CONGRATULATIONS

WHEN a Training School for Teachers organizes a humane club it is like the arrival on the field of a new ally. This is the thing that has been done in Brooklyn, N. Y. On the morning of November 14 a part of the assembly exercises of the school was devoted to humane teaching. On the program was an article by Dr. John H. Finley, state commissioner of education, on "The Teaching of Humaneness." The standing of this Humane Club in the school may be seen by the fact that it already has a paid-up membership of 1600.

HUMANE EDUCATION lowers the criminal record of every country and of every state where it has been tried.

### TURKEY AFTER THE WAR

BECAUSE of many long months of interruption to her work from war conditions, we have not been able to give our readers any recent reports on the work of Mrs. Alice W. Manning of Robert College, Constantinople.

Mrs. Manning, an honorary vice-president of our American Humane Education Society, has recently written about the distressing conditions in Turkey and its present needs. She says that we who have not been in that country during the war cannot imagine how serious the situation is there. If we could but realize the conditions in that country, we would wake up to our duty to these suffering, tortured people.

Our readers will remember that Mrs. Manning was instrumental some years ago in organizing humane work in Turkey, and will be impressed by the fact that of the entire executive board of that organization, she alone now remains in Constantinople. The honorary president was assassinated, the president died, the secretary, vice-president, and other influential residents left the city. Mrs. Manning, however, is undaunted in her determination to carry on.

She has been able to conduct Angell Prize speaking contests in Robert College and will continue this work, and also extend similar work to other institutions as far as possible. She is now in a position to use a large amount of literature in English which our American Humane Education Society will attempt to send to her.

If any of our readers would like to contribute to this interesting branch of humane work, we shall be glad to hear from them.

AMERICAN ladybirds are to be sent overseas early next year to help reclaim the orchards of the new Polish Republic. The Department of Agriculture at Warsaw wants the beneficial ladybirds to combat the aphids and scale insects that are ravaging the Polish orchards. So effectual have the ladybirds been in protecting the fruit trees and gardens in parts of California that they are reared for distribution at the State Insectary. From this colony a shipment will be made for service in the new field.

### EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

#### An Annuity Plan

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the Trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, president of the International Trust Company, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guarantee of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.

### "THE INDIAN HUMANITARIAN"

THIS is the title of a new humane monthly of twenty pages, to be published as the official organ of the Bombay Humanitarian League. The English edition of the initial number for September would do credit to English journalism in any part of the world, and certainly is the most pretentious, as (to our knowledge) it is almost the only "humane" publication in Asia. It calls the humane propaganda "one of the greatest movements of the age, because it aims at the establishment of the Kingdom of Righteousness upon earth, when peace shall supplant war, compassion shall replace tyranny and divine Love shall substitute devilish hatred." It especially denounces the cruelty of the slaughter-house and stock-yards, the killing of animals for fashion and cruel sports, the cruelty by men against men, and the sufferings of destitute widows and underpaid servants. It will be the mission of the *Indian Humanitarian* to eradicate these and other evils of barbarism upon earth and to attain the dawn of the Golden Age.

While some of the anti-cruelty problems in India are far different from ours, there are so many which we share in common that this new publication will be sure to stimulate us to greater activity. We hope many American humanitarians will show their interest in this *Indian Humanitarian*, both by subscribing to it (the price is one dollar per year) and sending literary contributions which are especially solicited from this country. Address, Chhaganlal P. Nanavaty, Secretary, The Bombay Humanitarian League, 309, Shroff Bazar, Bombay, 2, India.

### MAINE SOCIETY REVIEWS WORK

THE Maine State Humane Education Society has made a most creditable record since its start in 1916. Its work and influence have been effective, it has identified itself with many humane reforms of state-wide importance. At its first meeting of the season every member of the board of directors was present and a report of the work of the past year given by the president, Mrs. Samuel A. Stevens, sets a high mark for all organized humane workers.

A summary of the year's achievements includes the following: the most successful Work-horse parade yet held in Portland; the securing of legislative action in the matter of highway construction better adapted to horse-drawn traffic and laws for the enforcement of more humane trapping of animals; a wide and continuous correspondence with school principals and teachers, selectmen and other authorities touching upon issues of humane education; representation at agricultural and cattle fairs, and the distribution there of humane literature; letters of protest to film companies for acts of cruelty portrayed in moving picture theaters; Band of Mercy activity in the schools; and valuable publicity in the newspapers of the state.

The Society has received letters of hearty endorsement for the effective and encouraging work it has accomplished.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

## Nature-Studies with a Camera

LEHMAN WENDELL in *Photo-Era*

Photo by LEHMAN WENDELL

RIGHT AT HOME

NATURE-STUDY photography is filled with interest. If you have never spent a day close to the heart of nature in search of animal and plant life, you do not know what you have missed. To go out into the woods, to be surrounded by pure air, the trees, the flowers, and the sweet fragrance that springs from a hundred plants, and to enjoy the hum of the insects and the songs of the birds — that is an experience eminently worth while.

One of the principal charms of this branch of photography lies in the fact that there is never that wearisome sameness so often associated with ordinary branches of photography. When you have made a nature-study with your camera, you know that there is little danger of someone else repeating that idea. How different this is from ordinary snapshot-work! If you photograph some public or historic building or some beauty spot in a city park, hundreds of others will find the same things and snap them from the same points of view.

Nature-studies call for an imaginative, personal feeling for a close regard for line and mass and for appreciation of design as a whole. Especially is the last-named qualification important, because many nature-studies are pleasing chiefly because of the successful manner in which they fill the space.

The methods which I employ in producing my nature-studies vary considerably. Sometimes I make the pictures just as I find them in nature; again, I stage the pictures indoors.

The picture of the Monarch butterfly on the thistle was made on a cold, foggy, disagreeable day, and the butterfly and thistle were brought into the house. Then the thistle was placed firmly in a vase, a white cardboard behind the vase and then the butterfly was carefully placed on the thistle. An exposure of two seconds was

given on a fast plate with the full opening of the diaphragm.

Young birds are perhaps the least difficult of all animals to photograph. They seem to have no sense of fear, whatever, and they will usually remain perched where placed.

No special equipment is necessary for nature-



Photo by LEHMAN WENDELL

THE MONARCH BUTTERFLY



Photo by LEHMAN WENDELL

THE CONFERENCE

study photography, except that the camera must have a long bellows extension. This is necessary because we often work within a foot or two of the object, and close-up work, as is well known, requires a long draw of the bellows. Personally, I prefer a small camera, though this is immaterial. The individual worker must determine the best size from his own experience. My own camera is of the pocket size for pictures  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and my prints are therefore all enlargements. There is one great advantage in this — I can enlarge whatever portion of a negative I desire and yet produce prints of a uniform size.

#### THE SCISSOR-TAILED FLYCATCHER

WALTER K. PUTNEY

THE most graceful and beautiful of the flycatcher family is one known as the scissor-tailed flycatcher. This bird is fully as brilliant as the tanagers and reminds one somewhat of the swallows as it darts along. It ranges southward from Kansas and Missouri, although it is something of a wanderer and individual specimens have been reported from time to time as far north as Hudson Bay. Because of its beauty it has earned the nickname of the Texan bird of paradise. It also is frequently called the swallow-tailed flycatcher.

There is only one time when the bird appears anything but graceful and this is when it is on the ground. Here their long tails seem to be in the way and they do not quite know how to handle them. But as most of their food is obtained while they are flying, we seldom see them in this predicament.

This flycatcher has one of the most kindly dispositions to be found in bird life, and is especially gentle with smaller birds; but if hawks, jays, or crows come near, it shows what wonderful courage it has. It is not uncommon to see a pair of these flycatchers driving a crow hawk from the vicinity much as the kingbird does, by flying above and swooping down to pick at the intruder's head or back.

The scissor-tailed flycatcher winters in Central America and comes north in the late spring, nesting where anybody can watch it. They are fearless and seem to seek popularity, for they evidently have faith in their own power to drive away all intruders. They are not particular about the kind of material for the nest, and anything handy seems to be perfectly satisfactory. For this reason nests of different localities will vary greatly both in size and materials used. After the nest is built, the pair take their own time in love-making, and wander about together before the eggs are laid and the young reared. They are very sociable together after the young are hatched, and both parents work equally hard in procuring food. Later, when the young leave the nest, the parents stay by them until it is time for the southward migration.

It is said that a pair of scissor-tailed flycatchers are worth fifty dollars a season because of the number of grasshoppers, locusts, and cotton worms that they consume. For this reason they are well protected by the farmer of the South and are not considered merely as ornamental creatures.

#### AN OPTIMIST'S WISH

HERE is my New Year Wish for you —  
Strength to do what you have to do,  
Health of body, peace of mind,  
And a daily chance or two to be kind.

LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES

#### NEIGHBORLY INTEREST

KATE RANDLE MENESEE

THERE are many qualities about the noisy little sparrows which annoy us. They will build in the most unheard-of places, such as the gutter at the corner of the house, just within the top of the column which supports the front porch, or perhaps even in the blinds to the guest chamber; but there is one characteristic which they show that will never fail to win our approval, and that is their neighborly interest.

One day I saw a mother and father sparrow hopping about in a state of seeming excitement. They chirped and fussed and flapped their wings until I began to investigate matters. Then it was I learned that one of their baby birds was down on the grass beneath the tree and for some reason would not attempt to fly. I thought perhaps the little fellow might be injured, but when I examined him I decided that he was just too frail or too afraid to attempt to rise from the ground.

The distracted parents tried every course they could think of, but the little fellow only hopped along on the grass. Then suddenly the father bird flew away. The mother stayed near-by, continuing her pleas. In a very short time the father returned and with him came a number of sparrow neighbors. They chirped and talked matters over, then they, too, began to take a hand in the flying lesson. They flew down beside the frightened little fellow, and chirped and encouraged and scolded. They perched upon the fence and gave more instructions and suggestions. They sat on the limbs and discussed the situation.

And by and by the little bird thus encouraged made a mighty effort and flew into a low shrub. Then that flock of sparrow neighbors chirped with evident delight, and soon flew off again, leaving the pleased parents to get the baby back into his tree-top home.

#### THE STORMY PETREL

*Up and down! — up and down!*  
*From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,*  
*And amid the flashing and feathery foam,*  
*The stormy petrel finds a home:*  
*A home, if such a place may be*  
*For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,*  
*On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,*  
*And only seeketh her rocky lair*  
*To warm her young, and to teach them to spring*  
*At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!*

BARRY CORNWALL

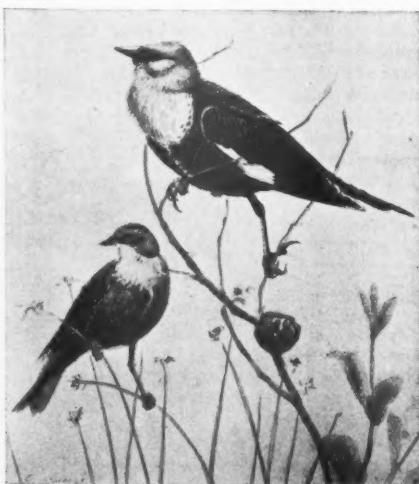


Photo from Nat'l Assn., Audubon Societies  
YELLOW-HEADED BLACKBIRD

#### THE GOLDEN RULE IN PRACTICE

MRS. MARY F. LOVELL

THE quality which commonly constitutes the greatest barrier to the observance of the Golden Rule is selfishness. Ethical growth in ourselves is an important factor in world betterment, first, because the population of the world consists of units; second, because any unit may wield a vast influence for good or evil. The vain-glorious selfishness of a would-be world conqueror can bring, not only a harvest of suffering and wrecked lives but also moral degeneration among nations; while the selflessness and compassion of a Florence Nightingale can erect a memorial of imperishable fame; can breed higher aspirations in the souls of mankind; can establish a standard for world observance and imitation.

Selfishness is the usual accompaniment of cruelty; but the practice of self-sacrifice for others is the highest fulfillment of the Golden Rule.

Even with all that has been accomplished, there is still before us a long hard fight. "Heaven is not reached at a single bound."

Every one likes recreation, but, alas, that the craving for mere amusement should be gratified at the cost of the infliction of so much suffering as, for instance, is inflicted in the production of trained animal shows. They are the product of cruelty of a peculiarly ferocious and disgusting character. No attention whatever should be paid to the glib assertions of the show people that "all their training is done by kindness." No animal wants to do things utterly foreign to its habits, and which weary and annoy it, and as time is money, the process of training is put through as speedily as possible, with the aid of force. Many facts have been obtained from animal trainers no longer in the business, and therefore with no motive for concealment, and the revelations are of a shocking character. Fear is a necessary element in training animals. One animal trainer said, "My experience convinces me that the cleverer the performance, the greater the cruelty used to obtain it."

So great is the competition in this business that the animals have to be taught to do cleverer things every year. Beating is such a common feature of training that it is regarded as a matter of course. Elephants are compelled by hooks in the ear; spiked clubs are used; steel forks; spiked saddles; bars of iron; pins; electricity; choking nooses; hot irons; starvation; and any other device that the trainer can imagine to subdue the spirit of a wild animal, and the results are generally bruised and bleeding bodies. According to one trainer who had been with the Bostock company, even dogs are not trained without cruelty. Mongrels are mostly used because they are cheaper, and because they will try to be obedient after they are beaten; but a well bred dog will allow himself to be almost beaten to death rather than submit.

We are beginning to believe that, as Christians, we should apply the principle of the Golden Rule in our treatment of our little brothers of the animal world. If we were in these poor animals' places, would we like such treatment as I have described? We humanitarians should arouse public sentiment against trained animal shows and circuses; also against moving pictures which show brutality of any sort whatever. And though perhaps it is the most difficult task of all, we should help to prevent the continuance of these amusements by not allowing children to be present at them. If we would really help in these ways, in due time amusement procured by cruelty might become unfashionable, or even illegal.

## Cattle in Transportation

**E**NFORCEMENT of the Twenty-eight Hour Law by the Bureau of Animal Industry, U. S. Department of Agriculture," was the title of a very valuable paper on the more humane treatment of animals in interstate transit, presented by Dr. Bernhard P. Wende, inspector in charge at Buffalo, N. Y., at the convention of the American Humane Association, in Norfolk, Va.

The Act was first passed by Congress in 1873, with the provision that livestock should not be confined in cars without proper food, water, and allowance for rest, for a longer period than 28 hours, when they were to be unloaded, cared for, and given five consecutive hours of rest. The law soon became a dead letter. Though the railroad companies were notified of violations, little attention was paid to the law, and in 1897 the Department of Agriculture put special agents on the road to secure evidence of violations. Many cases were collected and given to the Department of Justice for prosecution. Again in 1905 special attention was given to the matter, but while some railroads complied with the law, the spirit of the Act was constantly evaded if not violated.

No provision was made for shelter or protection of the animals and they were inhumanely left exposed to the elements and to all conditions of insanitation and discomfort. In the summer they were subjected to the blistering sun. In the winter snow and rain and bleak winds beat upon them unmercifully. Conditions were despicable and so-called compliance was merely substitution of one form of inhumanity or another.

Watering facilities adapted merely for hogs and not suitable in any way for horses, cattle and sheep, were used indiscriminately for all kinds of animals. Owners apparently were not concerned or were indifferent. Rapid transit and early arrival were their pre-eminent concern.

Dissatisfaction on the part of shippers and others led to the enactment of the present twenty-eight hour law, passed by Congress and approved June 29, 1906. This law is similar to the old, although occasion was taken to correct some defects of the old statute. This law provides that stock be loaded and unloaded in a humane manner into properly equipped pens, a serious omission in the old law. It also permits the carrier to confine stock in cars for 36 hours upon the written request of the owner or person in custody of the stock, but if no written request is made the maximum period of confinement is 28 hours, same as in the old law.

The Bureau of Animal Industry made an investigation of the feeding, watering and resting of cattle, sheep, swine, and other animals, and on May 31, 1913, and April 23, 1919, issued circulars for the information and guidance of shippers, railroads, and others as to the minimum rations to be fed livestock to meet the requirements of the law, also showing the kind of pen, which should be provided for unloading, feeding, and watering livestock subject to the 28 hour law.

When the Department undertook enforcement of the present law, it made inspection of feeding and watering equipment contained in cars and at feeding points. Few, if any, of the feeding stations provided adequate equipment for feeding, watering or resting of the stock in transit to stock centers or packing-houses. A great majority of them were improperly drained and some had no drainage whatever. The



AN IDEAL JERSEY HEAD

amount of feed furnished was generally insufficient and it was customary to throw it on the ground where it was subject to tramping into the mud and filth so that a large amount of it was rendered inedible.

The condition at some of the feeding stations would appear to be almost inconceivable, the mud being allowed to accumulate so deep that animals actually could not wade through it, and there were instances where hogs unloaded into some of these pens had to be pulled out by means of ropes before they could be reloaded.

There is no question but that considerable suffering was caused to the livestock during transportation. Overloading was the rule. It has been found that upwards of 18 head of large cattle had been loaded and confined in 36-foot cars and for periods of 40 to 70 or more hours. The railroads contended that stock so loaded could rest in the cars. The Department on the other hand contended that cattle confined in cars for more than 28 or 36 hours should be loaded so that all animals could lie down at the same time during transit, which required at least 30 inches of lineal space of the car, per head. The Court upheld the Department in its contention, and to-day but 14 large cattle are allowed to be loaded and carried in a 36-foot car, without unloading. Formerly as many as could be crowded in the car were carried.

Another condition greatly improved is the handling of hogs, which formerly were confined in cars for 60 to 70 hours on an average, and cases were found where the time had been 100 hours and absolutely no water furnished. The feeding was done from platforms, by men who threw corn through the slats as the train moved by. No effort was made to give a specific amount, a certain number of scoops full being considered a feed for each deck.

A large number of cases, together with "straight over-time" cases, were reported for prosecution, with the result that one railroad paid fines to the amount of \$20,000, which had the effect

of causing improvements to its feeding pens, and also brought an agreement to handle livestock according to the court's instructions.

Another condition which has been almost eliminated is the feeding by contract, which was subject to great abuses. This so-called "contract feeding" plan has been discontinued and the railroad now feeds its own stock in transit and no employee can share in the feeding charges and there is consequently no occasion to cut down on the rations.

Another condition which was disclosed and resulted in cruelty to animals was the falsifying or changing of railroad billings covering livestock shipments, but successful prosecutions have practically eliminated this practice.

From the enactment of the law to June 30, 1918, 9,981 violations have been referred for prosecution and more than \$583,900 have been collected in fines and costs, and every case represented some form of cruelty and much suffering to animals. In addition to the above fines, the railroads have been compelled to spend thousands of dollars in installing and renewing feeding pens and stockyards.

June 30, 1918, 2,831 cases of violations of the 28-hour law were pending in the courts, and since this date a considerable number have in addition been reported, but these do not, as a rule, represent the flagrant abuses that formerly were discovered and corrected.

Of course it will be understood that the 28-hour law covers interstate shipments only, and that the Department has no jurisdiction over those intra state. In these instances the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals or state officials, or both, have jurisdiction and are doing commendable work.

### CRUELTY OF HORSE DEALERS

UNTIL our laws are very much improved, so long will horse dealers continue to torture and drug horses in order to deceive the public and to benefit their own pockets, says Major R. S. Timmis in "Modern Horse Management." I am most thankful to say that many of these wretched human parasites have had their businesses ruined through the advent of the motor — they may be trying their tricks upon the public with motor-cars, but even if they are, they will not be torturing dumb animals which have no defense.

Some horse dealers will do almost anything to a horse to prevent him from showing signs of lameness, or from showing bad tricks, or to make him appear high-spirited. Drugs are used to ease pain and to make a horse feel fresh; over-feeding on soft feed and want of exercise are resorted to to keep the horse fat and to make him feel fresh. Nerves are cut to hide lameness, and worst of all, a sound foot may be injured in order to make the horse go apparently sound on the unsound foot, i.e., by having both legs injured he cannot favor one leg.

I think the greatest enemy that the horse has is the horse dealer. What horse dealer will not mutilate the horse to any degree merely to suit a prevailing fashion or the foolish fancies of an ignoramus who wishes to buy a horse? All horse dealers' stables should be open to public inspection by the police and humane societies at all times; so should most large stables. For the horse's sake, the quicker the motor takes his place for commercial and showy purposes the better.

NAPOLEON favored white horses and Washington sorrels.

GIRARD

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
  2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
  3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
  4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- Send for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Eleven hundred and seventy-eight Bands of Mercy were reported in November. Of these 267 were in schools of Ohio; 237 in schools of Rhode Island; 178 in schools of Massachusetts; 133 in schools of Virginia; 94 in schools of Connecticut; 71 in schools of Georgia; 64 in schools of Maine; 56 in schools of North Carolina; 34 in schools of Pennsylvania; 25 in schools of Washington; seven in Louisiana; five in Colorado; two each in Minnesota and North Dakota and one each in New York, Wyoming and Oregon.

Total Number Bands of Mercy, 122,830.

### A BAND 34 YEARS OLD

A RECENT letter from Hancock, Michigan, tells of the present activities of the Quincy Great Hearts' Band of Mercy, which was organized in 1885, and has had a continuous existence since. Each year this Band is reorganized. The total membership today is 834, the majority of whom have completed their school course. The Band meets six times a year, when a program is given, consisting of recitations and appropriate songs. The Band contributes to many worthy causes.

## LETTER CHANGES

WALTER WELLMAN



### THE DOG OF IT

DAVID WHARTON

WHEN he jumps on you with muddy paws,  
When an ancient bone he gnaws,  
You'll hear some cynic say  
In a cold disgusted way,  
"That's the dog of it."

"The dog of it" — perhaps 'tis true,  
But when you're down and out and through,  
When you haven't a single friend,  
His love lives to the end.  
That's the dog of it.

When the heart most loved grows cold,  
And you're ugly, poor and old,  
Though he hasn't enough to eat,  
He follows with love at your feet.  
That's the dog of it.

And when you're under the ground,  
Forgotten your lonely mound,  
He will remember, and steal away  
To lie beside it night and day.  
That's the dog of it.

He would leave the fields Elysian,  
And deem it but a joyful mission  
To enter e'en the gates of hell  
If there your soul should dwell.  
That's the dog of it.

### LIBRARY USES HUMANE LITERATURE

WE had recently a request from the reference department of the Indianapolis Public Library to supply fifteen copies each of the following pamphlets, for use in the branch libraries of that city: "How the Birds Help the Farmer," "Man's Faithful Friend," "What Constitutes Cruelty?" "Ways of Kindness," and "How to Form Bands of Mercy." The librarian advises us that many of the 47,000 patrons of the library have been particularly interested in these leaflets.



Photo from Boston Evening Transcript

### THE FORWARD LOOK

### AN INCIDENT OF THE STORM

MRS. OLIVE ALLEN

DURING one of the storms of wind and rain, so destructive along the North Shore of Massachusetts, while watching the waves from my window, my attention was attracted to a small object moving slowly along between the house I was in and the one next beyond. It would go a little way, and then stop, as a great gust of wind and water nearly threw it off its feet. Looking more closely, as it came nearer, I made out the little object to be a cat.

It came slowly and wearily along until it reached the piazza of our house. It came up the steps, and when at the top it jumped up on the window-sill, and with a very weak little paw scratched feebly on the window-pane.

We quickly opened the window, and with a grateful little "Meow," in jumped Pussy with a tiny little baby kitten in her mouth. She went directly in front of the fireplace, and proceeded to clean her little baby from head to tail, then turned over and with great satisfaction nursed her little one. With never a thought about herself, but with a love almost surpassing belief, she forgot herself in her care and love for her baby.

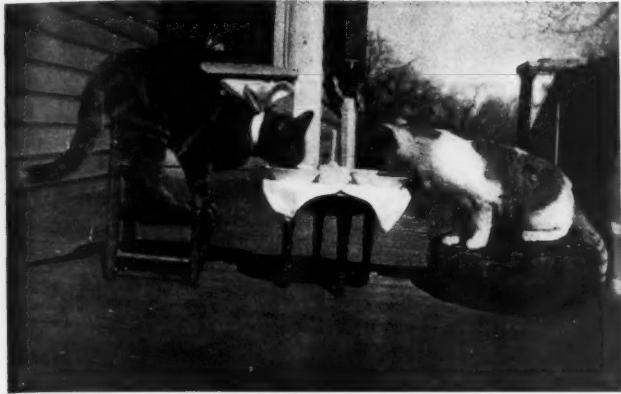
Of course she was fed, cared for, and petted by us all. When you think of that little mother braving wind and storm, wading through water several inches deep to save her little baby, can you doubt the almost human intelligence of animals?

TRAFFIC Officer Peter Marra, on duty at a busy corner in Springfield, Ill., won applause by holding up a big touring car just in time to save a little fuzzy black kitten which was paralyzed with fear.

MANY Bands of Mercy are being organized in the public schools of Coatesville, Mount Joy, and other towns in Pennsylvania, by Mrs. S. C. Wilson, State Superintendent of Humane Education for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. White star buttons and pledge cards are being furnished to the pupils through the courtesy of the local Unions.

THE Ohio Board of Censors has decreed that scenes of cruelty to animals on ranches in pictures depicting western life must be cut out before the film is publicly exhibited.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE



## HIS FIRST BIRTHDAY

LOUELLA C. POOLE

**F**IDDLE, the kitten, is one year old —  
One year old today is he —  
Beautiful Fiddle, with eyes of gold  
And coat like silk. Now how shall we  
His birthday celebrate, oh, say,  
On this his first anniversary day?

Well, instead of a birthday cake  
We'll give him a patty of hamburg steak,  
And a gorgeous colored worsted ball  
With which to frolic about the hall;  
A saucer blue, and a "catnip mouse"  
To toss and chase all about the house,  
For there never was such a playful cat  
(Or is he a kitten?) as this one that  
Romps all over the house all day  
Like some young monkey full of play.

Now here is a question that puzzles me:  
He's twice as big as his ma, you see,  
And he's one year old today. Is he  
Fiddle the Kitten or Fiddle the Cat —  
Our Fiddle the Mouser, sleek and fat?

## A RED-EYED VIREO AT SCHOOL

**L**AST September we found a nestling red-eyed vireo in the street. His leg was broken at ankle joint, and he was so tiny! We set the leg, and the little fellow was very tenacious and cheerful. From the first he was a great favorite and kept us all busy catching crickets and hoppers, for his appetite was a long one. We fed him blueberries, rum cherries, pears, and grapes, together with insects. All insect food was taken in his foot and held and eaten from there while he sang his little *whee-ee*. He visited each child several times daily, generally chatting a little. We never caged him and he never flew away, although there were many chances to do so, with forty children passing in and out.

On their Christmas-tree the children put some beefsteak for Vireo. This he liked slightly broiled.

The friendship between this mite and the children was beautiful to see. If we had not let him attend school each day he would have died of homesickness. He pined during our vaca-

tion and seemed so happy to see the children when school began once more. I carried him home every night. He wanted to come to the table every time we ate. We let him sit in a fern, and if nothing seemed to be coming his way he would throw dirt in my plate until I fed him. If visitors came to the school he generally flew to meet them. The fire-chief came to lecture on his department, and Red-eye picked his brass buttons and even tried to get the gold from the chief's teeth.

Several times the bird had been nearly under foot, as he would run on the floor under the seats in play. One day, on one of his jolly little trips, he was stepped on and was gone in an instant. Since then we have kept a good grip on ourselves, but each child feels the loss keenly. Vireo did more good in five months than people often do in as many years. We shall try harder than ever to help the birds on their return.

Many of the children have feeding-tables for the birds now here. Last summer we raised over fifty injured and orphaned birds and still have two robins. We gave our summer vacation to the birds, and would like nothing better than to work with them all the time.

We write this about our vireo that you may see how social and lovable a bird he was. He was the most intelligent bird that we have lived with.

MARY E. COBURN



HAPPY HOURS WITH CHILDHOOD'S IDEAL PET

## "TACKS"

(Continued from page 119)

Promptly the dog's sharp teeth met in the back of that hand, and the enraged Corsican called after the fleeing pair, "For that I keela him; but he not die so queek lika he bite. Oh, no."

That night, as Peg showed "Tacks" to the kindly janitor in the furnace room, and curled down on a clean pile of excelsior with the cold nose buried in the hollow of his own throat, a great content came to him. Again he belonged to some one his very own.

Spring came; Moretti seemed so friendly that the two Celtic hearts forgave and Tacks almost forgot. Uncannily intelligent, he had joyously learned many tricks from his adoring master. Muzzle lifted, he howled an "Extra" with the best, and people laughed and bought.

Then, one afternoon, delayed for change in the crowded restaurant, Peg came out to find no trace of Tacks. In vain his piercing three-note whistle (the code call which always brought the dog panting to his side) shrilled through the streets again and again.

Papers unsold, he hunted frantically for two hours, returning frequently to the boss to inquire, until Moretti, tiring of the game of cat and mouse, said: "Your pup gotta no license; my Tony take heem to big vivace' Doctor at the big med'cal school. Getta feefy cents; when dey cutta da live eye dey not greeva da sleep med'cin an' he no 'die so queek lika he bite. No-o."

"You devil," shrieked Peg, and then, as he thought of the torture awaiting Tacks' shining trusting eyes, he pleaded pitifully, "Aw—Bully—it's pay day; I'll work a whole mont' for nothin' if you'll give me my money to buy him back in time. He's all I got now; aw—Bully—please—"

"Nottin' doin' 'till papers all sold," sneered Moretti. With despair in his heart the boy trudged across the street to "cop" Corcoran with his tragedy. "Oif feared Tacks is a goner, me la-ad," the big policeman said. "Shure they'd never even listen to ye out at the grea-at college; 'tis a grown man's job ye'd be after tacklin'." Slowly in that crowded thoroughfare the chapel window outlined in radiant colors its picture of Divine Compassion; and then a dark face with the Jesus look of pity bent down over a little hurt dog.

"Lend me a dime, Cork," said Peg, "and I'll find the grown man. He told me to come if Tacks or me got in trouble; look;" and he held up a soiled and crumpled card bearing the name "Dr. Raoul Farranza"; "and oh see, Cork! he lives pretty near the college."

"Here's a quarther; go to it quick," said Corcoran.

The electric was standing at the curb before the exclusive bachelor apartment building, and a tall dark man about to enter was hailed by a breathless boy, who incoherently gasped, "You told me to come if Tacks or me didn't get along all right, an' they've got Tacks in that awful place over yonder an' they're goin' to cut his eyes an' him a knowin' it if you don't stop 'em an' he'll think I let 'em do it. Oh—" and the slow tears gathered at last and fell.

"Get in the car and tell me how this all happened," said Farranza; "I can go anywhere 'over yonder' and I know everybody inside; don't worry; I think we're in time to save him."

Inside the immense building, crowned fittingly with three crosses, Tacks lay strapped down upon a table, his every dog instinct alive

to a great danger, and his beautiful eyes, wild with fear, fixed on the white-clad man who was sorting out those terrible shining things. With every nerve a-quiver he was listening for the beloved voice in the call of the three-note whistle, and with despair in his loyal dog heart he knew that when it sounded he would be helpless to answer it.

The man was bending down very close now, but Tacks could not even shrink from the glitter of the pointed thing in his hand.

Suddenly the door opened and a voice Tacks had never forgotten cried, "Hold on, Frank: you've got a dog there that belongs to a kid friend of mine, and it's all he's got in the world. I met them in trouble last winter the night of the big blizzard, and I told the boy to come to me if he ever needed help. He's been playing a lone hand in Life's game, for he's just said to me, 'The old man died o' the snakes over at the Bridewell last summer, an' the 'flu took me mother in October; I been hidin' out on the truant cops in a furnace room with a good janitor pal o' mine 'cause dey'd sen' me to some hell uv a institoot, an' I ain't doin' nothin' worse now dan earnin' me feed.' There's good stuff in the boy and I'm going to give him his chance. You know I'm pretty much alone in the world now myself. Some day, Frank, maybe you'll come to see, as I have, that you've got your causes and effects reversed, and then all this torture will be impossible to you. It's the minds of the world that need healing through Love. I'm leaving for the West tomorrow, so this is good-bye."

A moment later down in the car a jubilant boy tried vainly to control a whirlwind of a terrier, who was impartially dividing its caresses between Peg and the Doctor, who, laying his arm across the lad's shoulder, said, "Peg, my work here is over for the present; tomorrow we'll do a little outfitting. Tacks needs a collar with his name and his owner's on it, and you some clothes; but tomorrow night we three start for home in California, and a lot of dogs and horses, Peg, belong to that home. It's school for you, with the finest new leg money can buy, with a wonderful foot on it."

Then again the worshiping Peg saw the look which was in the eyes of the Man in the Picture come into Farranza's, as he added, "And for me, work; the beautiful work of trying to make men and women realize how practical for every day use are the teachings of the Master, Christ."

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, when making your will.

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